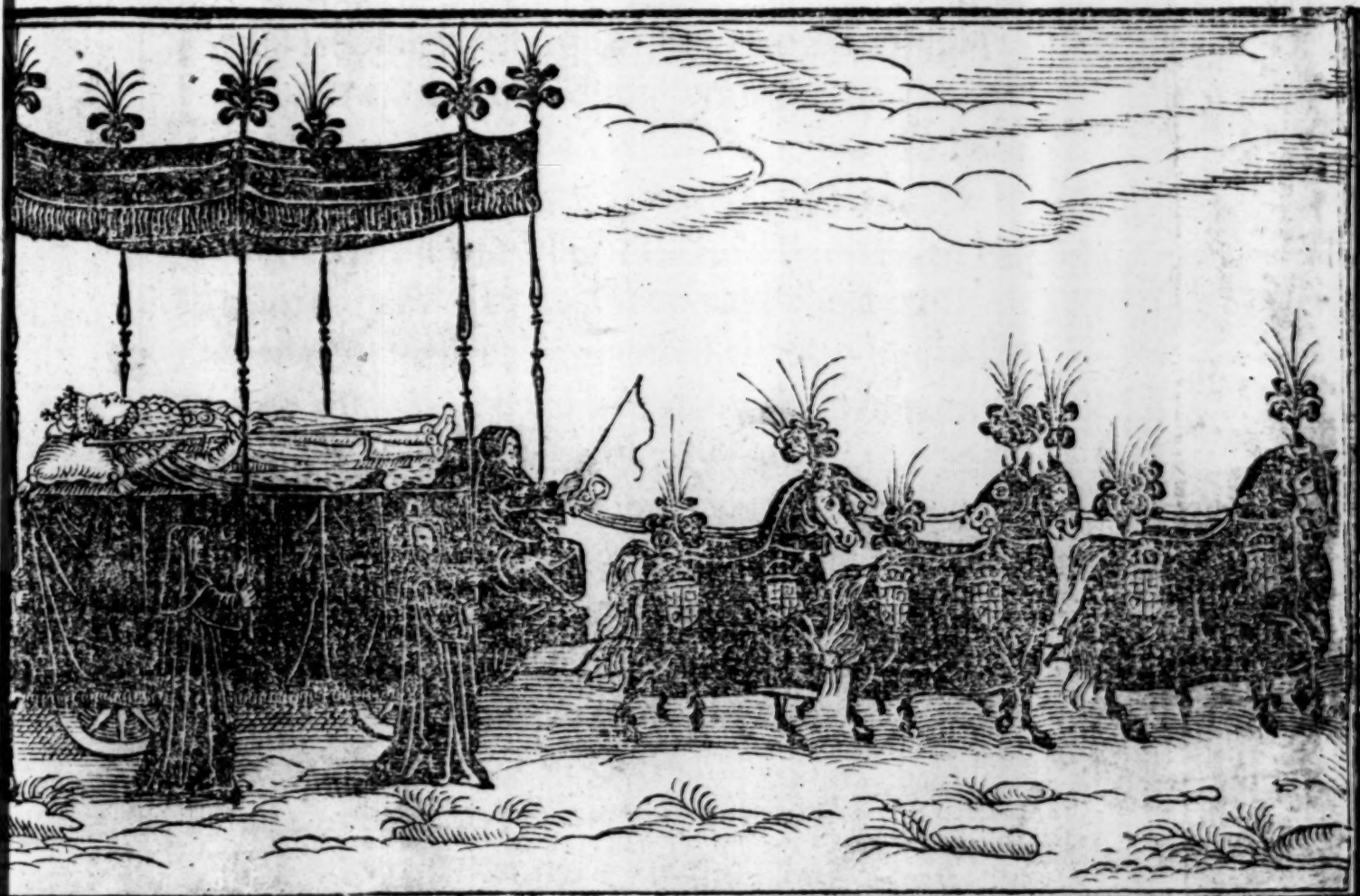


PRINCE HENRIES OBSEQUIES

OR

MOVRNEFVLL ELEGIES VPON
HIS DEATH:

With



*A supposed Inter-locution betweene the
Ghost of Prince Henrie and Great
Brittaine.*

By George Wyther.

LONDON,

Printed by Ed: Allde, for Arthur Iohnson, at the white
Horse neere vnto the great North doore of
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TO THE WHOLE WORLD IN GE-
NERALL AND MORE PERTICV-
larly to the Iles of great *Brittaine*
and *Ireland*. &c.

Big-swolne with sighes, & almost drown'd with teares
My *Muse* out of a dying traunce vp-reares;
Who yet not able to expresse her moanes,
Insteede of better vtterance, here groanes.
And least my close-breast should her health impaire,
Is come amongst you, for to take the ayre,
I neede not name the greefes, that on her seaze,
Th'are knowne by this, beyond th' *Antipodes*.
But to your view some heauy rounds she brings,
That you may beare the burthen, when she sings:
And that's but *Woe*: which you so high should straine,
That heauens vault might *Eccho* backe againe,
Then, though I haue not strived to seeme witty,
Yet read, and reading note, and noting pittie.
What though ther's others show, in this more *Art*?
I haue as true; as sorowfull a hart:
What though *Opinion* giue me not a *Name*,
And I was ne're beholding yet to *Fame*?
Fate would (perhapps) my *Muse*, as yet vnknowne,
Should first in *Sorrowes* liuery be showne.
Then, be the witnes of my discontent,
And see, if greefes haue made me Eloquent:
For here I mourne, for your our publike losse;
And doe my pennance, at the *Weeping Crosse*.

The most sorrowsfull
G.W.



Deatb (that by stealth did wound *Prince H: hart*)
Is now tane Captiue, and doth act the part
Of one o'recome, by being too too fierce,
And lies himselfe dead vnder *Henries* hearfe:
He t herefore now in Heauenly tunes doth Sing,
Hell, wher's thy triumph? Death, where is thy Sting?

Faults escaped.

*Elegy 16 read Henry dead? line 14 read be in hart,
Eleg. 23. line 13, carries him. El. 21. l. 1. r my
tongue El. 28. l. 14. r had adrimmon, in the second
page of the Iterlocution. li. 5. r with still. line. 8. r
vinnaugh. Eleg: 29 line 5 read walkes.*



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE ROBERT
Lord Sidney of Penshurst, Vicount Lisle,
Lord Chamberlaine to the Queenes
Maiestie, and Lord Gouvernour of
Vlushing, and the Castle of
Ramekins.

George Wither presents these Elegiak-sonnets,
and wisheth double Comfort after his
two-fold sorrow.

Anagrams on the name of Sir William Sidney
Knight, deceased.

Gulielmus Sidneius
En vilis, gelidus sum.

* But *

Ei' nilluge, sidus sum.

BESIDE our great and Vniuersall care,
(Wherein you one of our chiefe sharers are)
To adde more grieffe vnto your griefs begunne,
Whilst we a Father lost, you lost a Sonne,
Whose hapelesse want had more apparant beene,
But darkened by the Other 'twas vnseene,
Which well perceiuing, loth indeed was I,
The Memory of one so deare should die:
And thereupon I the occasion tooke
For to present your Honor with this Booke,
(Vnfained, and true mournesfull Elegies,
And for our HENRIE, my last Obsequies)
That he, which did your Sonnes late death obscure,
Might be the Meane to make his fame endure:

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

But this may but renew your former woe:
 Indeed and I, might well haue doubted soe,
 Had not I knowne, that Vertue which did place you
 Aboue the common sort, did also grace you
 With gifts of Minde, to make you more excell,
 And farre more able, Passions rage to quell:
 You can, and may with moderation moane,
 For all your comfort is not lost with one,
 Children you haue, whose Vertues may renew;
 The comfort of decaying Hopes in you.
 Praised be God, for such great blessings giuing,
 And happy you, to haue such comforts lining.
 Nor doe I thinke it can be rightly sed,
 You are unhappy in this One that's dead:
 For notwithstanding his first Anagram,
 Frights, with * Behold, now cold, and vile I am:
 Yet in his last, he seemes more cherefull farre,
 And Ioyes, with * Soft, Mourn not, I am a Starre,
 Oh great preferment: what could he aspire
 That was more high, or you could more desire?
 Well, since his soule in bea'n such glory bath,
 My Loue bequeathes his Graue, this Epitaph.

The English
 this Ana-
 gram.

pitaph.

Here vnder lies a SIDNEY: And what than?
 Dost thinke here lies but relicks of a man?
 Know; 'tis a Cabanet did once include,
 VVIT, BEAVTIE, SVVEETNES, COVRT' SEY, FORTITVDE.

So let him rest, to Memory still deare,
 Till his Redeemer in the Clowdes appeare
 The while, accept his VVill, who meaning plaine,
 Doth neither write for praise, nor hope of Gaine:
 And now your Teares, and priuate Griefe, forbear,
 And turne againe, to this our Publike care.

Your Honours true honorer
 George Wyther.



PRINCE HENRIES OB-
SEQUIES,

OR

Mournefull Elegies vpon his death:

With

A supposed inter-locution betweene the Ghost
of *Prince Henry* and Great
Brittaine.

Eleg. 1.

Now that beloued *Henries* glasse is runne,
And the last duties to his body showne,
Now that his sad-sad *Obsequies* be done,
And publike sorowes well-nigh ouer-blowne:
Now giue me leaue to leaue all Ioyes at one,
For a dull Melancholy loneliness;
To pine my selfe with a selfe-pining mone,
And fat my greefe with solitarines.
For if it be a comfort in distresse,
(As some thinke) to haue sharers in our woes,
Then I desire to be comfortles.
My Soule in publike greefe no pleasure knowes.
Yea, I could wish, and for that wish would die,
That there were none had cause to greeue, but I.

For

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg. 2.

For were there none had cause to greeue but I,
Twould' d from my *Sorrowes*, many sorrowes take;
And I should moane but for ones misery,
Where now for thousands, my poore heart doth ake.
Bide from me *Ioy* then, that still from me bid' st,
Be present *Care*, that euer present art.
Hide from me *Comfort*, that at all times hid st,
For I will greeue, with a true-greeuing heart.
Ile glut my selfe with *Sorrow* for the nonce,
VVhat though my *Muse* against it once did say
Oh beare with my vnbridled *Passion* once,
I hope it shall not yet from vertue stray,
Since greefe, for such a losse, at such a season;
May be past measure, but not out of *Reason*.

Eleg. 3.

Why should I for th' infernall *Furies* hallo?
Call vpon darkenes, and the lonely night?
Or summon vp *Minerva*, or *Apollo*:
To help me dolefull *Elegies* endite?
Here needs no mention of the feares of *Stix*,
Of black *Cocitus*, or such fained stufte:
Those may paint out their greefes, with forc't tricks,
That haue not in them reall cause enough;
I neede it not, yet for no priuate Crosse,
Droopes my sad soule, nor doe I mourne for fashion,
For why? a generall a publike losse.
Kindles within me, a right wofull *Passion*.
Then (oh alas) what neede hath he to borrow
Tht's pinch't already with a feeling sorrow?

First

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Elegi. 4.

First, for thy losse, poore world-diuided Ile,
My eyes pay greefes drink-offering of teares :
And I set by all other thoughts a while,
To feede my minde the better on thy cares.
I saw, how happie thou wert but of late
In thy sweet *Henries* hopes, yea I saw too,
How thou didst glory in thy blessed state :
Which thou indeed hadst cause enough to doe.
But, when I saw thee place all thy delight
Vpon his worth; and then, when thou didst place it,
(And thy Ioy almost mounted to her height)
His haples end so suddainely deface it;
Me thought, I felt it goe so neere thy heart,
Mine ake't too, with a sympathizing smart.

Eleg. 5.

For thee, great *James*, my spouts of sorrow runne,
For thee my Muse a heauy song doth sing;
That hast lost more, in loosing of thy Sonne,
Then the Greeke Monarkes conquered Persian King.
Needes must the paines, that doe disturb the head,
Disease the body throughout euery part;
And therefore I might haue bene lopt as dead,
If I had had no feeling of this smart;
But oh I greeue : and yet I greeue the lesse,
Thy *Kingly Guist* so well preuail'd to make him
Fit for a Crowne of endles happines;
And that it was *Iehouah's* hand did take him.
Who was himselfe a booke for Kings to pore on:
And might haue been thy ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΩΡΟΝ

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg: 6.

For our faire Queene, my greefe is no lesse mouing,
There's none could ere more iustly boast of childe,
For he was kinde, most durifull, and louing,
Most full of manly courage, and yet milde.
Me thinkes I see what heauy discontent,
Beclowdes her brow, and ouer-shades her eyne:
Yea I doe feele her louing heart lament,
An earnest thought conueyes the greefe to mine.
I see shee notes the sadnes of the Court,
Thinks how that here, or there, she saw him last:
Remembers his sweet speech, his gracefull sport,
And such like things to make her Passions last:
But what meane I? Let greefe my speeches smother,
No tongue can tell the Sorrowes of the Mother.

Eleg. 7.

Nor thine sweet *Charles*, nor thine *Elizabeth*,
Though one of you haue gaine'd a Princedome by't:
The greefe he hath to haue it by the death
Of his sole brother, makes his heart deny't.
Yet let not sorrowes black obscuring cloud
Quite couer and eclipse all comforts light:
Though one faire starre aboue the Spheare doth throwd
Let not the earth be left in darknes quite.
Thou *Charles* art now our Hope, God grant it be
More certaine then our last; we trust it will:
Yet we shall haue a louing feare of thee;
The burned childe we see, eu'r dreads fire still.
But God loues his; And Rome although thou threat'st
He's like enough for to be *Charles* the great'st.

Then

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg: 8.

Then droope not *Charles* to make our greefes the more;
God that to scourge vs, tooke away thy brother,
To comfort vs againe, kept thee in store:
And now I thinke on't, *Fate* could doe no other,
Thy Father both a Sunne, and *Phœnix* is,
Prince *Henry* was a Sunne and *Phœnix* too,
And if his Orbe had bene as high as his,
His beames had shone as bright's his fathers doe.
Nature saw this and tooke him quite away,
And now dost thou to be a *Phœnix* trye;
Well, so thou maist (no doubt) another day,
But then thy father (*Charles*) or thou must die.
For'twas decreed when first the world beganne,
Earth should haue but one *Phœnix*, heauen one Sun.

Eleg: 9.

But shall I not bemoane the sad *Elect*or?
Yes *Frederick*, I needs must greeue for thee:
Thou wocest with woe now, but our best protector
Giues ioyfull ends where hard beginings be.
Had we no shewes to welcome thee to Court,
No solemne sight, but a sad Funerall?
Is all our former Masking and our sport,
Transform'd to sighes & are all things tragicall!
Had'st thou bene here at Sommer; or at Spring,
Thou should'st not then haue seene vs drooping thus,
But now tis *Autumne*, that spoiles eu'ry thing:
Vulgarly term'd the *Fall* oth' lease, with vs.
And not amisse; for well may't be the Fall,
That brings downe blossoms, Fruit, leaues, tree & all.

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg. 10.

Then, Stranger Prince, if thou neglected seeme,
And hast not entertainment to thy state:
Our loues yet doe not therefore miss-esteemes;
But lay the fault vpon vnhappy Fate.
Thou found'st vs glad of thy arriuall here,
And saw'st him, whom we lou'd, (poore wretched Elues)
Say: didst thou ere of one more worthy heare?
No, no, and therefore now we hate our selues.
We being then of such a gem bereft,
Beare with our passions, and since one is gone,
And thou must haue the halfe of what is left;
Oh thinke on vs for good, when you are gone,
And as thou now do'st beare one halfe of's name;
Help beare our greefe, and share thou all his fame.

Eleg. 11.

See, see, faire Princess, I but nam'd thee yet,
Meaning thy woes within my brest to smother:
But on my thoughts they doe so liuely beat,
As if I heard thee sighing, *Oh my Brother*:
Me thinkes I heare thee calling on his name,
VVith plaining on his too vngentle Fate:
And sure, the *Sisters* were well worthy blame,
To shew such spight to one that none did hate.
I know thou sometime must on his face,
(Faire as a womans; but more manly faire)
Sometime vpon his shape, his speech, and pase,
A thousand wayes thy greefes themselves repaire.
And oh! no maruaile, since your sure-pure loues
VVere neerer dearer then the Turtle Doves.

How

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg. 12.

How often, oh how often did he vowe
To grace thy ioyfull look-t-for Nuptialls:
But oh how wofull, oh how wofull now
Will they be made through thy sad Funerals!
All pleasing parlees that betwixt you two,
Publike, or priuate, haue exchanged beene,
All thou hast heard him promise for to doe,
Or by him in his life performed scene,
Calls on remembrance: the sweet name of Sister
So oft pronounc'd by him seemes to take place,
Of *Queene* and *Empresse*: now my thoughts doe whisper,
Those titles one day shall thy vertues grace.
If I speake true, for his sweet sake that's dead,
Seeke how to raise deiected *Brittaines* head.

Eleg. 13.

Seeke how to raise deiected *Brittaines* head,
So shee shall study how to raise vp thine:
And now leaue off thy teares in vaine to shed,
For why? to spare them I haue powr'd out mine.
Pitty thy selfe, and vs, and mournfull *Rhine*,
That hides his faire banke vnder fouds of grieve,
Thy Prince, thy Duke, thy braue Count *Palatine*:
Tis time his sorrowes should haue some reliefe.
He's come to be another brother to thee,
And helpe thy father to another sonne:
He voves thee all the seruice loue can doe thee;
And though acquaintance hath with grieve begunne,
Tis but to make you haue the better tast
Of the true blisse you shall enioy at last.

Thy

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Elegi. 14.

Saturne rul'd
in the houre
of his derth.

Thy brother's well and would not change estates,
With any Prince that raignes beneath the Skie:
No, not with all the worlds great Potentates,
His Plumes haue borne him to eternitie.
He raignes o're *Saturne* now, that raign'd o're him;
He feares no Planets dangerous aspect:
But doth aboue their constellations clime,
And earthly ioyes, and sorrowes both neglect.
We saw he had his Spring amongst vs here,
He saw his Summer, but he skipt it ouer:
And Autumne now hath tane away our deare.
The reason's this, which we may plaine discouer,
He shall escape, (for so *Iehouah* wils)
The stormy Winter of ensuing ils.

Elegi. 15.

I greeue to see the woefull face oth' Court,
And for each griued member of the land;
I griue for those that make these greifes their sport,
And cannot their owne euill vnderstand.
I also griue, to see how vices swarme,
And Vertue as despis'd, grow out of date:
How they receiue most hurt, that doe least harme,
And how poore honest Truth incurreth hate.
But more, much more, I griue that we doe misse
The ioy we lately had; and that he's gone,
Whose liuing presence might haue helpt all this:
His euerlasting Absence makes me mone.
Yea most I griue, that *Brittans* hope is fled,
And that her darling, braue Prince *Henrie's* dead.

Prince

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Elegi. 16.

Prince *Henri's* dead ! what voice is that we heare ?
Am I awake, or dreame I, tell me whether ?
If this be true ; if this be true, my deare,
Why doe I stay behind thee, to doe either ?
Alas my Fate compels me, I must bide
To share the mischiefes of this present age,
I am ordain'd to liue, till I haue tride
The very worst, and vtmost of their rage.
But then why mourne I not to open view,
In sable robes according to the Rites ?
Why is my hat, without a branche of yeugh ?
Alas my mind, no complement delights,
Because my grieffe that Ceremonie lothes,
Had rather be sad in heart, then seeme in clothes.

Eleg. 17

Thrise happy had I bene, if I had kept
Within the circuit of some little village,
In ignorance of Courts and Princes slept,
Manuring of an honest halfe-plough tillage :
Or else I would I were as young agen,
As when *Eliza* our last *Phœnix* dide :
My childish yeares had not conceiu'd as then,
What t'was to loose a Prince so dignifide.
But now I know : and what now doth't auaile ?
Alas, whilst others merry, feele no paine,
I melancholy, sit alone and waile :
Thus sweetest profit, yeelds the bitterst gaine.
Why ? 'cause it came by the forbidden tree :
And good things prone not, that ill gotten be.

When

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg. 18.

When as the first sad rumour fil'd my eare
Of *Henries* sicknes: an amazing terror
Struck through my body, with a shuddring feare,
VWhich I expounded but my frailties error.
For though a quicke-misdoubting of the worst,
Seem'd to fore-tell my soule, what would ensue:
God will forbid, thought I, that such a curst
Or ill-presaging thought should fall out true:
It cannot sincke into imagination,
That He, whose future glories we may see
To be at least all *Europes* expectation,
Should in the prime of age disposed be;
For if a hope so likely nought auaile vs,
It is no wonder if all other faile vs.

Eleg. 19.

Againe, when one had forc't vnto my eare,
My Prince was dead: although he much protested,
I could not with beleefe his sad newes heare:
But would haue sworne, and sworne againe, he iested.
At such a word, me thought, the towne should sinke,
The earth should downe vnto the Center cleaue,
Swallowing all in her hell-gaping chincke,
And not so much as Sea or Iland leaue.
Some Comet, or some monstrous blazing-Starre,
Should haue appear'd, or some strange prodigie,
Death might haue shownt' vs though't had beene a farre
That he intended some such tyranny.

But God, (it seemeth) did thereof dislike,
To shew that he will on a sudden strike.

Thus

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg: 20.

Thus vnbelceuing; I did oft enquire
Of one, of two, of three, and so of many:
And still I heard what I did least desire,
Yet grounded *Hope*, would giue no faith to any.
Then at the last my heart began to feare,
But as I credence to my feares was giuing
A voyce of comfort I began to heare:
Which to my fruitles *Joy* said *Henrie's liuing*,
At that same word, my *Hope* that was forsaking
My heart, and yeilding wholly to despaire;
Reuiued streight, and better courage taking,
Her crazed parts, so strongly did repaire,
I thought she would haue held it out, but vaine:
For oh, ere long, she lost it quite againe.

Elegi. 21.

But now wy tongue can neuer make relation,
What I sustain'd in my last foughten field;
My minde assailed with a three-fold passion,
Hope, *Feare*, *Dispaire*, could vnto neither yeeld.
Feare wil'd me, for to vew the skies blacke colour,
Hope said; *Vpon his hopefull vertues looke*:
Dispaire shew'd me an vniuersall dolour,
Yet fruitles *Doubt*, my hearts possession tooke.
But when I saw the *Hearse*, then I beleeu'd,
And taking breath, thus fell to vowelling,
Beside, to show I had not causeles greeu'd,
I saw a note of his embowelling.
There'twas subscrib'd, they found he had no gall,
And like enough, for he was sweetnes all.

C

Oh

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg. 21.

Oh cruell, and insatiable *Death*!
Would none suffice, would none suffice but he?
VVhat pleasure was it more to stop his breath,
Then for to choke, or kill, or poyson me?
My life for his, with thrice three milions more,
VVe would haue giuen as a ransome to thee;
But since thou in his losse hast made vs pore,
Foule Tyrant, it shall neuer honor do thee:
For thou hast showne thy selfe a spightfull fiend,
Yea *Death* thou didst enuie his happy state,
And therefore thoughtst to bring it to an end;
But see, see whereto God hath turnd thy hate.
Thou mean'st to marre the blisse he had before:
And by thy spight: hast made it ten times more.

Eleg. 23.

Tis true I know, *Death* with an equall spurne,
The lofty turret, and lowe Cottage beats:
And takes impartiall each one in his turne,
Yea though he bribes, prayes, promises or threats.
Neither Man, brute, plant, sex, age nor degree
Preuailes against his dead-sure striking hand:
For then, ere we would thus dispoiled be,
All these conioyn'd his fury should withstand.
But oh! vnseene he strikes at vnaware,
Disguised like a murdering *Iesuite*:
Friends cannot stop him that in presence are;
And which is worse, when he hath done his spight,
He carryes them, so farre away from hence,
None liues, that's able for to fetch him thence.

Nor

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg. 24.

Nor would we now, because we do beleue
His God, to whome indeede he did belong;
To crowne him, where he hath no cause to greeue:
Tooke him from death, that sought to do him wrong.
But were this deare beloued Prince of ours
Liuing in any corner of this All,
Though kept by *Romes*, and *Mahomet's* cheefe powers;
They should not long detaine him there in thrall:
We would rake *Europe* rather, plaine the *East*,
Dispeuple the whole *Earth* before the doome:
Stampe halfe to powder, and fier all the rest;
But for to help vp proud aspiring *Rome*,
 Spight of her powder, with our counter-mines,
 Blowe her aboute the *Alpes*, or *Appenines*.

Elegi. 15.

But what? shall we goe now dispute with God,
And in our heart vpraid him that's so iust?
Let's pray him rather, to withdrawe his rod,
Least in his wrath he bruisse vs vnto dust.
VVhy should we lay his death to Fate, or times?
I know there hath no second causes bin,
But our high-flying-crying-dying crimes,
Nay, I can name the chiefest murthering sinne:
And this it was, how ere it hath bin hid.
Trust not (saith David) trust not in a Prince:
Yet we hope't lesse, in God Ile swear we did,
In ielousie he therefore tooke him hence.
Thus we abuse good things, and through our blindnes
Haue hurt our selues, and kild our Prince with kindnes.

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Elegi. 26.

Let all the world come now and share our lot,
Come *Europe, Asia, Affrica*, come all:
Mourne *English, Irish, Brittish*, and mourne *Scot*,
For his, (no I mistake it) for our fall.
The proppc of *Vertue* and mankinds delight,
Hath fled the earth and quite forsaken vs:
We had but of his excellence a sight,
To make our longings like to *Tantalus*.
What seeke you in a Man that he enioy'd not?
Wer't either gift of body or of spirit;
Nay, which is more, what had he, he employ'd not
To help his Country, and her loue to meritt?
But see what high preferment *Vertues* bring,
He's of a seruant now become a King.

Eleg: 27.

But soft, I meane not here to blaze his praise,
It is a worke too mighty, and requires
Many a Pen, and many yeares of daies:
My humble quill, to no such taske aspires;
Onely I mourne, with deep-deep-sighing grones,
Yet could I wish the other might be done;
Though all the *Muses* were imploy'd at once,
And write as long as *Helicon* would runne,
But oh, I feare the *Spring's* already drie,
Or else why flagges my lazy *Muse* so lowe?
Why vent I such dull-sprighted *Poesy*,
Surely 'tis sunke; I lye, it is not so:
For how ist likely that should want supplies,
When all we feed it with our weeping eyes.

May

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg. 28

May not I liken *London* now to *Troy*,
As she was that same day she lost her *Hector*?
When proud *Achilles* spoil'd her of her ioy
(And triumph't on her losses) being victor?
May not I liken *Henrie* to that *Greeke*,
That hauing a whole world vnto his share,
Entended other worlds to goe and seeke,
Oh no; I may not, they vnworthy are.
Say, whereto *London*? whereto then shall I
Compare that sweet departed Prince, and thee?
Of him the King bewail'd by *Ieremie*,
And sad *Megiddon* shall thy patterne be.
Megiddon said I? rather no *Gehinnon*,
For thy greefe's more then that of *Hadadrinon*.

Eleg. 29.

You that beheld it, when the mornfull traine
Past by the wall of his forsaken Parke,
Did not the very groue seeme to complaine,
With a still murmure, and to looke more darke?
Did not those pleasant wals (oh pleasing then
Whilst there he (healthfull) vsed to resort)
Looke like the shades of *Death*, nere some foule den?
And that place there, where once he kept his Court,
Did it not at his parting seeme to sinke?
And all forsake it like a caue of sprights?
Did not the earth beneath his Chariot shrinke,
As griued for the losse of our delights?
Yea his dumb Steed, that erst for none would tary,
Pac'd slow, as if he scarce himselfe could cary.

Iosias.

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg. 30.

But oh! when it approach't the'mpaled Court,
Where *Mars* himselfe enuid'e his future glory,
And whither he in armes did oft resort,
My heart conceiu'd a right tragick story.
VVhither great Prince, oh whither doest thou goe!
(Me thought the very place thus seem'd to say)
VVhy in black robes art thou attended so?
Doe not, (oh doe not) make such hast away.
But art thou Captiue, and in triumph too?
Oh me! and worse too, liue-les, breath-lesse, dead.
How could the monster death this mischief do?
Surely the coward took thee in thy bed,
For whil'st that thou wert arm'd within my list,
He dar'd not meet thee like a Martialist.

Eleg. 31.

Alas, who now shall grace my turnaments:
Or honor me with deeds of chiuallrie?
VVhat shall become of all my merriments,
My Ceremonies, shoues of Heraldry
And other Rites? who, who shall now adorne
Thy Sisters Nuptials with so sweet a presence?
VVilt thou forsake vs, leaue vs quite forlorne;
And of all ioy at once make a defeasance?
VVas this the time pickt out by destinie?
Farewell deare Prince then, since thou wilt be gone,
In spite of death goe liue eternally,
Exempt from sorrow, whil'st we mortalls mone:
But this ill happe shall teach me for to feare
VVhen wee are ioyful'st, there's most sorrow nere.

Then

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg. 32

Then, as he past along you might espie
How the grieu'd vulgar that shed many a teare,
Cast after, an vnwilling parting eye,
As loth to loose the sight they held so deare;
VVhen they had lost the figure of thy face
Then they beheld his robes; his Chariot then;
VVhich being hid, their looke aim'd at the place
Still longing to behold him once agen,
But when he was quite past, and they could find
No object to employ their sight vpon,
Sorrow became more busie with the mind,
And drew an Armie of sad passions on;
VVhich made them so particularly mone,
Each amongst thousands seem'd as if alone.

Eleg: 33.

And well might wee of weakest substance melt,
VVith tender passion for his timeles end,
Since (as it seem'd) the purer bodies felt
Some grieffe, for this their sweet departed friend;
The Sunne wrapt vp in clouds of mournfull black,
Frown'd as displeas'd, with such a hainous deed,
And would haue staid, or turn'd his horses back,
If Nature had not forc't him on with speed:
Yea and the Heauens wept a pearly dewe,
Like very teares, not so as if it rain'd.
His Grand-fires tombes as if the stones did rue
Our wofull losses; were with moisture stain'd:
Yea (either 'twas my easie mind's beliefe)
Or all things were disposed vnto grieffe.

Blacke

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg. 34

Blacke was *White-hall*. The windowes that did shine,
And double glazed were with beauties bright,
VVhich Sun-like erst did dimme the gazers eyne,
As if that from within them came the light.
Those to my thinking seemed nothing faire,
And were obscur'd with woe, as they had beene
Hung all with sacke or sable-cloth of haire,
Griete was without, and so't appear'd within,
Great was the multitude, yet quiet tho
As if they were attentiu vnto sorrow:
The very winds did then forbear to blowe,
The time of night her stilnes seem'd to borrow,
Yea all the troupe past flow, as loth to rend
The earth that should embrace their Lord and friend.

Eleg. 35.

Me thought er'e while I sawe Prince *Henries* armes,
Aduanc't aboue the Capitoll of *Rome*,
And his keine blade, in spight of steele or charmes,
Giue many mighty enemies their doome,
Yea I had many *Hopes*, but now I see
they are ordain'd to be anothers taske:
Yet of the *Stewards* line a branche shall be
T aduance beyond the *Alpes* his plumed caske,
Then I perhaps, that now tune dole-full layes:
Amongst their zealous triumphs may presume
For to endite some petty Captaines praise,
Meane while I will some other worke assume,
Or rather since my hope-fulst patron's dead,
Go to some desert and there hide my head.

Had

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg. 36.

Had he bene but my *Prince* and wanted all
Those ornaments of *Vertue* that so grac'd him,
My loue and life had both bene at his call,
For that his *Fortune* had aboue vs plac'd him:
But his rare hopefulnes, his flying *Fame*,
His knowledge, and his honest pollicie,
His courage much admir'd, his very name,
His publike loue, and priuate curiesie:
Ioyn'd with religious firmnes, might haue mou'd
Pale *Enuy* to haue prais'd him, and sure he,
Had he bene of meane birth; had bin belou'd:
For trust me, his sweet parts so rauish't me,
That (if I erre, yet pardon me therefore)
I lou'd him as my *Prince*: as *Henry* more.

Eleg. 37.

Me thought his Royall person did fore-tell,
A Kingly statelines, from all pride cleare:
His looke magistick, seemed to compell
All men to loue him rather then to feare.
And yet though he were eu'ry good mans ioy,
And the alonely comfort of his owne,
His very name with terror did annoy,
His forraigne foes so farre as he was knowne.
Hell droupt for feare, the turkie *Mone* look't pale,
Spaine trembled, and the most tempestious sea
(VVhere *Behemoth* the *Babylonish* VVhale,
Keepes all his bloudy and imperious plea)
VVas swolne with rage, for feare he'd stop the tide,
Of her ore-daring and insulting pride.

D

For

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Elegi. 38.

For amongst diuers *Vertues* rare to finde,
Though many I obseru'd, I markt none more
Then in *Religion* his firme constant minde;
Which I notcht deeply on *Remembrance* score:
And that made *Romists* for his fortunes sory:
When therefore they shall heare of this ill hap,
Those Mints of mischieses will extreamely glory,
And it may be 'twas by a Popish trap.
Yet boast not *Babel*; thou insultst in vaine,
Thou hast not yet obtain'd the victory;
We haue a *Prince* still, and our King doth raigne,
So shall his seede, and their posterity. (ders
For know; God that that loues his, & their good ten-
VVil neuer leaue his faith, without defenders.

Eleg. 39.

Amidst our sacred sports, that very season,
VVhilst for our Country and beloued *James*:
Preserued from that hell-bred powder-treason;
VVe rung and sung with showtes, and ioyfull flames:
Me thought vpon the suddaine I espide
Romes damned fiends, an antique dance beginne:
The *Furies* led it that our blisse enui'de,
And at our rites the hell-hounds seem'd to grinne
How now thought I! more plots! and with that thought
Prince Henry; dead, I plainly hear'd one cry:
O Lord (quoth I) now they haue that they sought,
Yet let not our gladst-day, our sadst-day die.
God seem'd to heare, for he to ease our sorrow,
Reuin'd that day, to die againe the morrow.

But

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg. 40.

But *Brittaine, Brittaine*, tell me, O tell me this,
VVhat was the reason thy chiefe curse befell
So iust vpon the time of thy chiefe blisse?
Dost thou not know it? heare me then, Ile tell:
Thou wert not halfe-halfe thankfull for his care
And mercy that so well preserued thee,
His owne he neuer did so often spare:
Yea he thy Lord, himselfe hath seru'd thee,
Yet *Laodicea* thou, nor hot nor cold
Secure, and careles dost not yet repent,
Thou wilt be euer ouer-daring bold:
Till thou hast vengeance, vpon vengeance hent,
But (oh) see how *Hipocrisie* doth raigne:
I villaine, that am worst, doe first complaine.

Eleg. 41.

A foule consuming Pestilence did waste,
And lately spoil'd thee *England* to thy terror;
But now alas, a greater plague thou hast,
Because in time thou could'st not see thy error.
Hard *Frosts* thy fields and Gardens haue deflowred,
Hot *Summers* hath thy fruits Consumption bin,
Fier many places of thee hath deuowred,
And all fore-warnings to repent thy sinne.
Yet still thou didst defer't and careles sleepe,
Which heau'n perceauing with black clouds did frown,
And into flouds for very anger weepe,
Yea the salt Sea, a part of thee did drowne.
Shee drown'd a part (but oh that part was small)
No teares more salt, haue ouer-whelm'd vs all.

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Elegi. 42.

Say why was *Henryes* Herse so glorious?
And his sad *Funerall* so full of state?
Why went he to his Tombe as one victorious:
Seeming as blith, as when he liu'd of late?
What needed all that *Cerimonious* show?
And that dead-liuing Image which they bare?
Could not *Rememberance* make vs smart enough,
Vnles we did a fresh renew it there?
VWhat was it, but some antique curious rite,
Only to feede the vaine beholders eyes
To make men in their sorowes more delight,
Or may we rather on it moralize?
Yes, yes, it shew'd that though he wanted breath,
Yet he should ride in triumph over death.

Eleg. 43.

How welcome now would our deare *Henry* be,
After these greefes were he no more then straid;
And thus deem'd dead, but fye what *Fantasse*,
Feedes my vaine thought on? *Fate* hath that denaid.
But since he's gone, we now can call to minde,
His latest words, and whereto they did tend:
Yea now our blunt capacities can finde,
They plainly did prognosticate his end.
Beside, we finde out *Prophesies* of old,
And would perswade our selues twas knowe of yore
By skilfull *VVyzards*: and by them fore-told,
But then why found we not so much before?
Oh marke this euer, we ne're know our state,
Nor see our losse befor it be too late.

From

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Eleg. 44.

From passion thus, to passion could I runne,
Till I had ouer-runne a world of words,
My *Muse* might she be heard would nere haue done,
The subiect, matter in fruit affords.
But ther's a meane in all; with too much grieuing
We must not of Gods prouidence despaire
Like cursed *Pagans*, or men vnbeleeuing,
Tis true, the *Hopes* that we haue lost were faire:
But we beheld him with an outward eye,
And though he in our sight most worthy seem'd,
Yet God saw more, whose secrets none can spye,
And finds another whome we lesse esteem'd:
So *Iesses* eldest *Sonnes* had most renowne,
But little *Dauid* did obtaine the Crowne.

Eleg. 45.

Let vs our trust alone in God repose,
Since *Princes* faile, and maugre *Turke* or *Pope*,
He will prouide one that shall quail our foes,
VVe sawe he did it, when we had lesse hope:
Let's place our *Joyes* in him and weepe for sinne,
Yea let's in him amend it, and foresee,
(If losse of earthly *Hope* hath grieuous beene)
How great the losse of heauens true *Joyes* may be:
This if we doe, God will stretch forth his hand,
To stop these plagues he did intend to bring,
And powre such blessings on this mournfull Land,
VVe shall for *IO*, *Haleluiah* sing,
And our deare *IAMES*, if we herein perseuer,
Shall haue a *Sonne* to grace his throane for euer.



A N EPITAPH VPON THE MOST
HOPE-FVLL AND ALL-VERTVOVS,

Henrie, Prince of Wales.

STay Trauailer, and read; did'st neuer heare
In all thy iourneyes any newes nor tales,
Of a great Heros, to the world once deare,
They cal'd him Henrie the braue Prince of Wales?

Looke here, within this litle place he lyes,
Eu'n he that was the Vniuerfall Hope:
And almost made this Ile Idolatrize,
See, he's contented with a litle scope.

Canutus.

And as the Dane that on Southampton strand,
His Courtiers idle flatteries did chide,
(Who tearm'd him both the God of sea and land)
By shewing he could not command the Tyde:

So this, to mocke vaine Hopes, in him began
Dide; and here lyes, to shewe he was a man.

A



A SUPPOSED INTER-
LOCUTION BETWEENE
the Spirit of Prince

Henric, and great
Brittaine.

Bri. **A** wake braue *Prince*, thou dost thy country wrong
Shake off thy slumber, thou hast slept too long,
Open thy eye-lids and raise vp thy head,
Thy *Country* and thy friends suppose thee dead.
Looke vp, looke vp, the daies are growne more short,
Thy *Officers* prepare to leaue thy Court.
The staines of sorrow are in euery face,
And *Charles* is cald vpon to take thy *Place*.
Awake I say in time, awake the rather,
Least *Melancholy* hurt thy Royall *Father*.
Thy weeping *Mother* wailes, and wrings her hands,
Thy *Brother*, and thy *Sister* mourning stands;
The want of that sweet company of thine,
Inly torments the louing *Prince* of *Rhine* :
The *Beauties* of the Court are sullied or'e,
They seeme not cheerefull as they did before.
The heauie *Clergie*, in their Pulpits mourne,
And thy *Attendants* looke like men forlorne.

Once

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Once more (I say) sweet Prince once more arise,
See how the teares haue drowne my watry eyes,
All my sweet tunes and former signes of gladnes
Are turn'd to *Elegies* and Songs of sadnes.

The *Trumpet* which still grones makes no rebound,
And *Dumpey* is all the cheerefull *Drum* can found:

Thy mournfull *Wales* with dolefull rumours rings,
And Oh *Guay Vrimaugh*, oh *guay vrimaugh* sings:

Yea *Ireland* too, as iustly sad as we
Cries loud Oh *hone*, oh *hone* my *Cram a cree*.

But more *Romes Locusts* doe begin to swarme,
their courage now with stronger *Hopes* they arme,
And taking hold of this thy *Trans-mutation*,
Thy plot againe to sue for tolleration.

Yea *Hell* to double this, our sorrowes weight
Is new contriuing of old *Eighty-eight*.

Come then and stand against it to defend vs:
Or else her guile, her plots, or force will end vs:

This last-last time sweet *Prince* I bid thee rise,

My *Brittans* droup already: each man flies,

And if thou saue vs not from our great foes,

They quickly will effect our ouerthrowes.

Oh yet he mooues not vp his liuing head,

And now I feare indeed he's dead. *Sp.* he's dead.

Brit. What voice was that, which from the vaulted roof,
Of my last words did make so plaine a prooffe?

What was it seem'd to speake aboue me so,

And sayes *he's dead*? wast *Eccho*, yea or no. *Sp.* no.

Brit. What is it some dispos'd to flout my mone,

Appeare: Hast thou a body, or hast none? *Sp.* none.

Brit. Sure some illusion, oh what art? come hither

My *Princes* ghost, or fiend, or neither. *Sp.* neither.

Brit.

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Brit. Indeed his Ghost in heauen rests I know,
Art thou some *Angel* for him, is it so? *Sp.* so.

Brit. Doe not my Reall greefes with visions feed,
In earnest speake, art so indeed? *Sp.* indeed.

Brit. What power sent thee now into my Coast,
Was it my *Darling Henry's Ghost*? *Sp.* 's *Ghost*.

Brit. Th'art welcome then, thy presence gratefull is:
But tell me, liues he happily in blisse: *Sp.* y's.

Brit. If so much of thee may be vnderstood,
Is the intent of this thy comming good? *Sp.* good.

Brit. Say, hath he there the *Fame* that here he had,
Or doth the place vnto his glory add? *Sp.* add.

Brit. May I demand what thy good errants be?
To whome is that he told to thee? *Sp.* to thee.

Brit. Oh doth he mind me yet, sweet Spirit say,
What is thy message? Ile obey: *Sp.* Obey.

Brit. I will not to my power one tittle misse,
Doe but command, and say doe this: *Sp.* doe this.

Brit. But stay, it seemes that thou hast made thy choice,
To speake with *Eccho's* most vnperfect voice:
In Plainer-wise declare why thou art sent,
That I may heare with more content. *Sp.* content.

The Spirit leaues his Eccho and speakes

on.

Spirit. **T**Hen heare me *Brittaine*, heare me and beleeue
Thy *Henries* there now where he cannot
He is not subiect to the slye inuasion (greeue.
Of any humane, or corrupted *Passion*.

E

For

Prince Henries Obsequies.

For then; (although he sorrow now forbears)
He would haue wept himselfe, to see thy teares.
But he; (as good *Saints* are) of ioyes partaker,
Is Ielous of the glory of his maker:
And though the *Saints* of *Rome* may take it to them,
(Much help to their damnation it will do them),
He will not on his *Masters* right presume
Nor his smal'st due vnto himselfe assume.
And therefore *Brittaine*, in the name of God,
And on the paine of his reuengfull rod;
He here coniures thee in thy tribulation,
To make to God alone thy inuocation:
Who rooke him from thee, that but late was liuing,
For too much trust, vnto his weaknes giuing.
Yet cal'st thou on thy *Prince* still; as if he,
Could either *Saujour* or *Redeemer* be:
Thou tel'st him of the wicked *Whore* of *Rome*,
As if that he were *Iudge* to giue her doome.
But thou might'st see, were not thy sight so dim
Thou mak'st meane-while another *Whore* of him:
For what ist for a *Creatures* ayde to cry,
But spirits whordome? (that's Idolatry)
Their most vnpleasing breath that so invoke,
The passage of *Iehouah's* mercies choke?
And therefore if thy sorrowes shall haue end,
To God thou must thy whole deuotions bend.
Then will thy *King*, that he leaue off to Mone
God hath tane *His*, yet left him more then one.
And that he hath not so seuerely done,
As when he crau'd the *Hebrewes* only sonne,
Because, beside this little blessed store,
There's yet a possibility of more.

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Goe tell the *Queene* his mothet that's lamenting,
There is no cause of that her discontenting.
And say there is another in his place,
Shall doe his louing Sisters nuptialls grace.
Enforme the *Palatine*, his *Nymph of Thame*
Shall giue his glorious *Rhine* a treble fame,
But vnto *Charles*, to whome he leaues his place,
Let this related be in any case.
Tell him he may a full possession take
Of what his brother did so late forsake,
But bid him looke what to his place is due,
And euery vice in generall eschue :
Let him consider why he was his Brother,
And plac't aboue so many thousand other.
Great honors haue great burthens: if y'are high,
The stricter's your account, and the more nigh :
Let him shunne flatterers at any hand,
And euer firmly in *Religion* stand.
Gird on his sword, call for *Iehouah's* might,
Keepe a good Conscience, fight the *Lambs* great fight,
For when his Father shall surrender make,
The *Faiths* protection he must vnder-take.
Then *Charles* take heede, for thou shalt heare a-far
Some cry peace, peace, that haue their hearts on warre.
Let *Policie Religion* obey,
But let not *Policie, Religion* sway:
Shut from thy counsells such as haue profest
The worship of that *Antichristian* beast.
For howsoe're they dawb't with colours trim,
Their hands do beare his mark, their heart's on him,
And though they seeme to seeke the Commons *Weale*,
Tis but the Monsters deadly wound to heale.

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Bannish all *Romish* Statists, do not suppe,
Of that pide-painted *Drabbs* infectious Cuppe,
Yea vse thy vtmost strength, and all thy power
To scatter them that would build *Babels* tower,
Thou must sometime be iudge of equitie;
And oft suruey e'ne thine owne family:
That at thy table none partaker be,
That will not at Christs boord partake with thee:
The Lords great day is neere, tis nere at hand,
Vnto thy combat see thou brauely stand.
For him that ouercomes, *Christ* keepes a Crowne,
And the great'st Conquest hath the great'st renowne.
Be mercifull, and yet in mercie iust:
Chale from thy Court both wantonnesse and lust:
Disguised fashions from the Land casheare,
Women may women; and men men appeare.
The wide-wide mouth of the blasphemers reares
His passage vnto God, through all the Spheares,
Prouoking him, to turne his peace-full word
Into a bloudy double-edged sword:
But cut his tongue, the Clapper of damnation,
He may fright others with his *Vlulation*.
The Drunkard, and Adulterer, from whence
Proceeds the cause of dearth and pestilence,
Punish with losse of substance, and of limbe,
He rather maimed vnto Heauen may climbe
Then tumble whole to *Hell*, and by his sin,
Endanger the whole state he liueth in:
Downe, downe with pride, and ouerthrowe *Ambition*;
Grace true deuotion, root out superstition,
Loue them that loue the *Truth*, and *Vertue* graces,
Let *Honesty*, not wealth, obtaine great places,

Begin

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Begin but such a course, and so perseuer,
Thou shalt haue loue here, and true blisse for euer:
Thus much for thy new *Prince*; now this to thee,
Brittaine; It shall thy charge and dutie be,
To tell him now what thou hast heard me say,
And when soeuer he commands, obey:
So if thou wilt in mind this counsell beare;
Vnto thy state haue due regard and care,
And without stay vnto amendment hie,
Thou shalt be deare to those, to whome I fly.

Brit. Oh stay, and doe not leaue me yet alone.

Spi. My errant's at an end, I must be gone.

Brit. Goe then, but let me aske one word before.

Spi. My speach now failes, I may discourse no more.

Brit. Yet let me craue thus much, if so I may,
By *Eccho* thou reply to what I say. *Spi.* Say.

Brit. First tell me, for his sake thou count'st most deare,
Is *Babels* fall and *Iacobs* rising neare? *Spi.* Neare.

Brit. Canst thou declare what day that worke shall end,
Or rather must we yet attend? *Spi.* Attend.

Brit. Some land must yeild a Prince, that blow to strike,
May I be that same land or no, i't like? *Spi.* Like.

Brit. Then therefore tis that *Rome* beare vs such spight:
Is she not plotting now, to wrong our right: *Sp.* right

Brit. But from her mischiefes and her hands impure
Cant'st thou our safe deliuerance assure? *Spi.* sure.

Brit. Then notwithstanding this late losse befell,
And we fear'd much, I trust 'tis well. *Spi.* Tis well.

Brit. Then fly thou to thy place, if this be true,
Thou God be prais'd, and Greifes adue. *Spi.* Adue.

A Sonnet of Death, composed in Latin Rimes, and
Paraphrastically translated into the same kind of
verse, both, by the former Author.

*Heus heus, Mors percutit, & importunè,
Quam nunquam praeerit ullus impunè.
Abite Medici, non est sanabile
Hoc Vulnus © avarè; sed incurabile.*

Harke, harke, Death knocks vs vp, with importunitie,
Ther's none shall euer make boast of impunitie.
The Doctor toyles in vaine, mans life's not durable,
No med'cine can preuaile, this wound's incurable:

*Quid picti dominum profunt fauores?
Ficti quid Hominum inuant amores?
Nec mundi vanitas, nec Pompa Curia,
Potest resistere Mortis iniuria.*

What will the countenance of Lords, or Noble-men
Or idle peoples lone, helpe or anaile thee then?
Nor worlds brauerie, nor yet Court vanitie,
Can stay this Monsters hand, foe to humanitie.

*Non Curat splendidum, nec Venerabile;
Nec pectus candidum quamvis amabile:
Decumbunt Principes iniquo vulnere,
Heu par cit nemini, quin strauit puluere.*

He knowes no reuerence, nor cares for any state,
Sweet beauties moue him not, though neu'r so delicate,
Princes must stoope to him, he rides on martially,
And spares not any man, but strikes impartially.

*Mercede diuitis nil morat Cupidi,
Nec prece pauperis (si orat) miseri,*

Prince Henries Obsequies.

Et frustra fallere tentas ingenio.

Surda Rethorici Mors est eloquio.

The rich-mans money-bagges are no perswasion,
The beggers wofull cry, stirres vp no passion,
He'le not beguiled be, by any fallacy,
Nor yeild to Rethorick, Wit, Art, nor Policy.

Aspectu Pallida, vultu terribilis;

Est tamen valida, Mors inuincibilis:

Et suas tibi as (nec est formalis)

Vir omnis sequitur, si sit mortalis.

His looke's both pale and wan, yet doth it terrifie,
He masters any man (alas what remedy)
He's nothing curious which way the measures be,
But all dance after him, that heare his melodie.

At oh! oh horrida, letans necando,

Ruit incognita; non scimus quando:

Et statim perditur, hac mundi gloria

Vita sic fragilis, sic transitoria.

But woe! of all the rest this seemes most terrible,
He comes when we know least, and then, inuisible,
Then quite there endeth, all worldly prosperitie,
Such is this lifes estate, such his seueritie.

Ergo vos incola, terrarum timidi,

Estes solliciti, vos, oh vos miseri!!

Sic quamuis subita, hac e carnalibus,

Reddet vos similes, dijs immortalibus.

Then oh you wretched men, since this is euident,
See you more carefull be, oh be more prouident,
And when he takes this life, full of incertaintie;
You shall liue euermore to all eternitie.

Part of the Office of Justice

Not yield to know, Will, nor Policy,
He is not beguiled by any fallacy,
The beggar's wealth, his riches are no passion,
The rich man's money, his power is no passion.

But all dance at him, that hear his melodies,
He's nothing curious which way the measures be,
He masters any man (as what remedy)
His look's both pale and weary, as if it were.

Such is this life's state, such his condition,
Then quite the endeth, all worldly prosperity,
He comes when we know least, and then, invisible,
Buy one shall have of his leaves most terrible.

And when he is, that is full of incense,
See you growe as still, as the most precious stone,
Then do you watch him, as the most precious stone,
For he will live, and live, and live, and live.

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